

Post-Depression

Pols fond of “kicking
the can down the road.”

As a kid, sneaker on
the actual can. So alone,
thudding heart scans black-

ness for those who leap
out and kick that can--
once I've left it to ferret

them out. Scraping tinniness
bouncing away. Despair
at being “it” again. Playing

very late as parents drank,
kicked down the road.